

James I., King of Scotland
11631.d.

CHRIST's-KIRK
ON THE
GREEN,
IN THREE
CANTOS.

Κονσίδερ ἵτε πάρις πίδι αρτυνήθαν ἔνις,
εἰλάτη ἐν βλίνκ σλί πόετρι νὸτ τένης.

Γ. Δευτερ.



EDINBURGH:
Printed for the AUTHOR at the Mercury,
opposite to Niddry's-Wynd, 1720.

BRITISCH-KIRCH
ON THE
GRIEVEN
IN THE
GARDEN





ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition of the first *Canto*, is copied from an old Manuscript Collection of *Scots Poems*, written an hundred and fifty Years ago ; where it is found to be done by King **JAMES I.** Besides its being more correct, the VIII. Stanza was not in Print before ; the last but one, of the late Edition, being none of the King's, gives place to this.

My second Part having stood its Ground, has engaged me to keep a little more Company with these comical *Characters*, having Gentlemen's Health and Pleasure, and the good Manners of the Vulgar in View : The main Design of Comedy being to represent the *Follies and Mistakes of low Life in a just Light*, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are ; that each who is a Spectator, may evite his being the Object of Laughter.

Notwithstanding all this my publick spirited Pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy Heads, who will bring down the Thick of their Cheeks to the Sides of their Mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's somethings in it have a Meaning. Well, I own it ; and think it hand-somer in a few Lines to say Something, than talk a great Deal and mean Nothing. Pray, is there any Thing vicious or unbecoming, in saying, *Mens Lits and Limbs are souple when intoxicat*ed ?

cated? Does it not show, that worse than brutal excessive Drinking, enervates and unhinges a Man's Constitution, and makes him uncapable of performing divine, moral, or natural Duties. There is the Moral; and believe me, I could raise many useful Notes from every *Character*, which the Ingenious will presently find out.

*Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to Faults, true Criticks dare not mend;
From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,
And snatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art.*

POPE.

Further, when I speak of taking the *Test*, I seriously protest I do not mean an Oath of that Name, we all have heard of.----- Likewise, I would intreat every News-monger not to offer to pump Politicks from this Poem: Wou'd any imagine, that the first Part, which was wrote some hundred Years ago, is the Story of *Sherif-Moor*, because *Rob Roy* is named in't; that my *Bauld Bess* was *****; and the *Letergae* the *****. I love them who sometimes find out Wit the Author never mean'd; but such *Ignoramus*'s are intolerable.

Any Body that has a mind to look sour upon it, may use their Freedom.

*Not laugh, Beasts, Fishes, Fowls, nor Reptiles can;
That's a peculiar Happiness of Man:
When govern'd with a prudent cheerful Grace,
'Tis one of the first Beauties of the Face.*

CHRIST's



CHRIST's-KIRK
ON THE
GREEN.

CANTO I.

By KING JAMES I.

WA S ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen,
Sic dancing and deray;
Nowther at *Falkland* on the *Green*,
Nor *Peebles* at the *Play*,
As was of Woers, as I ween,
At **CHRIST's-KIRK** on a Day:
There came our *Kitties* washen clean,
In new Kirtles of Gray,
Fou gay that Day.

To

To dance these Damesels them dight,
 Thir Lasses light of Laits,
 Their Gloves were of the Raffel right,
 Their Shoon were of the Straits,
 Their Kirtles were of *Lincome* light,
 Well prest with mony Plaits,
 They were so nice when Men them nicht,
 They squeel'd like ony Gaits,

Fou loud that Day.

Of all these Maidens mild as Mead,
 Was nane sae jimp as *Gillie* ;
 As ony Rose her Rude was red,
 Her Lire was like the Lilly ;
 Fow yellow, yellow was her Head,
 But she of Love was silly,
 Tho a' her Kin had sworn her dead,
 She wald have but sweet *Willy*,

Alane that Day.

She scorned *Jack*, and scraped at him,
 And murgeon'd him with Mocks ;
 He wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,
 For a' his yellow Locks.
 He cherisht her, she bade gae chat him,
 Counted him not twa Clocks ;
 Sae shamefully his short Gown set him,
 His Legs were like twa Rocks,

Or Rungs that Day.

Tam

Tam Lutter was their Minstrel meet,

Good Lord how he cou'd lance;

He play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,

While *Tousie* took a Trance;

Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet,

And counterfitted *France*:

He us'd himself as Man discreet,

And up the Morice Dance,

He took that Day.

Then *Steen* came steppand in with Stends,

Nae Rink might him arrest,

Plaitfoot did bob with mony Bends,

For *Mause* he made request,

He lap till he lay on his Lends,

But risand was sae prest,

While that he hoftit at baith Ends,

For honour of the Feast,

And danc'd that Day.

Syne *Robin Roy* began to revel,

And *Dawny* to him rugged:

Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him *Jevel*,

And by the Tail him tugged:

The *Kensie* cleekit to a Cavel,

But Lord as they twa lugged;

They parted manly on a Nevel:

Men say that *Hair* was rugged,

Between them twa.

Ane

Ane bent a Bow, sic Sturt did steer him,
 Great Skaith was't to have scar'd him,
 He chesit a Flane as did affear him,
 Th' other said, *Dirdum, Dardum,*
 Throw baith the Cheeks he thought to sheer him.

Or throw the Arse have char'd him,
 B'ane Akerbraid it came nae neer him,
 I canna tell what marr'd him,

Sae wide that Day.

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,
 And up an Arrow drew,
 He forged it sae furiously,
 The Bow in flinders flew:
 Sae was the Will of God, trow I,
 For had the Tree been true,
 Men said, wha kend his Archery,
 That he had slain a new,

Belyve that Day.

A yap young Man that stood him neist,
 Loos'd aff a Shot with Ire,
 He etled the Bairn in at the Breast,
 The Bolt flew o're the Bire:
 Ane cry'd fy, he has slain a Priest,
 A Mile beyond a Mire;
 Then Bow and Bag frae him he kiest,
 And fled as fierce as Fire,

Frae Flint that Day.

Ane

An hasty Hensure, called *Harry*,
 Wha was an Archer, hynd
 Fit up a Tackle withouten tarry,
 That Torment sae him tynd.
 I watna whither's Hand coud vary,
 Or the Man was his Friend,
 For he escap'd throw' Mights of *Mary*,
 As ane that nae ill meand,

But Good that Day.

Then *Laurie* like a Lyon lap,
 And soon a Flane can fedder,
 He hecht to pierce him at the Pape,
 Thereon to wed a Wedder :
 He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
 It buff't like ony Bladder ;
 But sae his Fortune was and Hap,
 His Doublet made of Leather,
Sav'd him that Day.

The Buff sae boisterously abaist him,
 He to the Earth dusht down,
 The tither Man for dead there left him,
 And fled out of the Town.
 The Wives came furth, and up they reft him,
 And fand Life in the Lown ;
 Then with three Routs on's Arse they rais'd him,
 And cur'd him out of Sown,
Frae Hand that Day.

With Forks and Flails they lent great Slaps,
 And flang together like Frigs,
 With Bougers of Barns they beft blew Caps,
 While they of Bairns made Brigs.
 The Rierd raise rudely with the Raps,
 When Rungs were laid on Riggs,
 The Wives came furth wi Crys and Claps,
 See where my Liking liggs

Fou low this Day.

They girned and let Gird with Grains,
 Ilk Gossip other griev'd :
 Some strake with Stings, some gather'd Stains,
 Some fled and ill mischiev'd.
 The Minstrel wan within twa Wains,
 That Day he wisely priev'd,
 For he came hame wi unbriuis'd Bains,
 Where Fighters were mischiev'd,

Fou ill that Day.

Heich Hutchon with a Hisill Rice,
 To red can throw them rummil ;
 He maw'd them down, like ony Mice,
 He was na Baity Bummil :
 Tho he was wight, he was na wise,
 With sic Jangleurs to jummil ;
 For frae his Thumb they dang a Slice,
 While he cried Barlafumil,

I'm slain this Day.

When

When that he saw his Blood sae red,
 To flee might nae Man let him ;
 He ween'd it had been for auld Feed,
 He thought and bade have at him :
 He gart his Feet defend his Head,
 The far fairer it set him,
 While he was past out of all plead,
 He soud been swift that gat him,

Throw Speed that Day.

The Town Souter in Grief was bowden,
 His Wife hang at his Waift ;
 His Body was with Blood a browden,
 He grain'd like ony Ghait :
 Her glittering Hair that was so gowden,
 So hard in Love him laift,
 That for her Sake he was not yowden,
 While he a Mile was chac'd,

And mair that Day.

The Miller was of manly Make,
 To meet him was nae Mows ;
 There durft na tensome there him take,
 Sae noyted he their Pows :
 The Bushment hale about him brake,
 And bickered him wi Bows ;
 Syne traitrously behind his Back,
 They hew'd him on the Howes.

Behind that Day.

Twa that were Headsmen of the Herd,
 On ither ran like Rams,
 They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd,
 Beat on with Barrow-Trams :
 But where their Gabs they were ungear'd,
 They gat upon the Gams ;
 While bloody barkn'd was their Beards,
 As they had worried Lambs,

Maist like that Day.

The Wives kiest up a hideous Yell,
 When all these Yonkiers yoked ;
 As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts fell,
 Frieks to the Fields they flocked :
 The Carles with Clubs did others quell
 On Breasts, while Blood out boaked ;
 Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
 That a the Steeple rocked

For Dread that Day.

By this *Tam Taylor* was in's Gear,
 When that he heard the Bell,
 He said he should make all a steer,
 When he came there himsel :
 He gaed to fight in sic a Fear,
 While to the Ground he fell ;
 A Wife that hat him on the Ear,
 With a great Knocking-mell

Fell'd him that Day.

When

When they had bierd like baited Bulls,
 And Brainwood brynt in Bails ;
 They were as meek as any Mules ;
 That mangit are with Mails ;
 For Faintness thae forfoughten Fools
 Fell down like flaughter'd Fails ;
 Fresh Men came in, and hail'd the Dools,
 And dang them down in Dails,

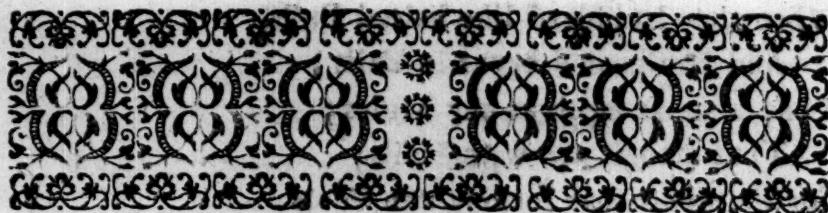
Bedeen that Day.

When a' was done, *Dick* with an Aix,
 Came furth to fell a Fiddir,
 Quoth he, Where are yon hangit Smaiks,
 That wad have slain my Brither ?
 His Wife bad him gae hame *Gib Glaicks*,
 And sae did *Meg* his Mither :
 He turn'd and gave them baith their Paiks,
 For he durst ding nae ither,
But them that Day.

The End of the first CANTO.



CHRIST's



CHRIST's-KIRK
ON THE
GREEN.

CANTO II.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

BUT there had been mair Blood and Skaith,
Saif Harship and great Spulie,
And mony a one had gotten his Death,
By this unsomie Tooly :
But that the bauld Good-wife of *Braith*
Arm'd wi' a great Kail Gully,
Came Bellyflaught, and loot an Aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly,

Fou fast that Day.

Blyth

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale Banes,
 Tho mony had clowr'd Pows ;
 And dragl'd sae 'mang Muck and Stanes,
 They look'd like Wirry-kows :
 Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their Aynds,
 Let's see how a Bowls rows ;
 And quat this Brulziement at anes,
 Yon Gully is nae Mows,

Forsooth this Day.

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am well content,
 I think we may do war ;
 Till this Time Toumond Ise indent
 Our Claiths of Dirt will fa'r :
 Wi' Nevels I'm amraig fawn faint,
 My Chafts are dung a char ;
 Then took his Bonnet to the Bent,
 And daddit aff the Glar,

Fou clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in in Time of Battle
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him ;
 Gat up now wi' an unco' Rattle,
 As nane there durst a quell'd him :
 Bauld *Bess* flew till him wi a Brattle,
 And spite of his Teeth held him
 Clos's by the Craig, and with her fatal
 Knife shored she wou'd geld him,

For Peace that Day.

Syne

Syne a wi' ae Consent shook Hands,
 As they stood in a Ring;
 Some red their Hair, some set their Bands,
 Some did their Sark Tails wring :
 Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
 They did their Minstrel bring ;
 Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,
 At ilka blithsome Spring,

Lap high that Day.

Claud Peky was na very blate,
 He stood nae lang a dreigh ;
 For by the Wame he gripped *Kate*,
 And gar'd her gi'e a Skreigh :
 Had aff, quoth she, Ye filthy Slate,
 Ye stink o' Leeks, O figh !
 Let gae my Hands, I say, be quait ;
 And wow gin she was skeigh,

And mim that Day.

Now settl'd Gossies sat, and keen
 Did for fresh Bickers birlie ;
 While the young Swankies on the Green
 Took round a merry Tirle :
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky E'en,
 Gart *Lawrie's* Heart-strings dirle ,
 And Fouk wad threep, that she did green,
 For what wad gar her Skirle,

And Skreigh some Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff,
 Came out to shaw good Will,
 Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,
 Cry'd, Gi'e me *Paty's-Mill*:
 He lap Bawk-hight, and cry'd, Had aff,
 They rus'd him that had Skill;
 He wad do't better, quoth a Caf,
 Had he another Gill

Of Usquebae.

Furth started nief a pensy Blade,
 And out a Maiden took;
 They said that he was *Falkland* bred,
 And danced by the Book;
 A couple Taylor to his Trade,
 And when their Hands he shook,
 Ga'e them what he got frae his Dad,
Videlicet the Yuke,
To claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did sae well,
 He *Meg* and *Bess* did call up;
 The Lasses babb'd about the Reel,
 Gard a' their Hurdies wallop,
 And swat like Pownies whan they speel
 Up Braes, or when they gallop,
 But a thrawn Knublock hit his Heel,
 And Wives had him to hawl up,
Haff fell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale
 Gae'd round whan Glouming hous'd them,
 The Osser Wife brought ben good Ale,
 And bade the Lasses rouze them ;
 Up wi' them Lads, and I'se be Bail
 They'll loo ye ann ye touze them :
 Quoth *Gawfie*, this will never fail
 Wi' them that this gate woes them,

On sic a Day.

Syne Stools and Furms were drawn aside,
 And up raise *Willy Dadle*,
 A short hought Man, but fu' o' Pride,
 He said the Fidler play'd ill :
 Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beside,
 Quoth a, That is nae said ill ;
 He fitted the Floor, syne wi' the Bride
 To *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*,
 Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
 And by some Right did claim,
 To kiss and dance wi' *Maisie Aird*,
 A dink and dortie Dame :
 But O poor *Mause* was aff her guard,
 For back-gate frae her Wame,
 Beckin, she loot a fearfu' Raird,
 That gart her think great Shame,
 And blush that Day.

Auld

Auld Steen led out Maggie Forsyth,
 He was her ain Good-brither ;
 And ilka ane was unco' blyth,
 To see auld Fouk sae clever.
 Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,
 What think ye o' my Mither ?
 Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
 But she wa'd get anither

Goodman this Day,

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dish,
 And betwixt ilka Tune,
 He laid his Lugs in't like a Fish,
 And fuckt till it was done ;
 His Bags were liquor'd to his Wish,
 His Face was like a Moon ;
 But he cou'd get nae Place to pish
 In, but his ain twa Shoon,

For Thrang that Day,

The Letter-gae of haly Rhime,
 Sat up at the Boord-head,
 And a he said was thought a Crime,
 To contradict indeed :
 For in Clerk Lear he was right prime,
 And cou'd baith write and read,
 An drank sae firm till ne'er a Styme
 He cou'd keek on a Bead,

Or Book that Day,

When he was strute, twa sturdy Chiels,

Be's Oxter, and be's Coller,

Held up frae cowping o' the Creels

The liquid Logick Scholar:

When he came hame his Wife did reel,

And rampage in her Choler,

With that he brake the spinning Wheel,

That cost a good Rix-dollar,

And mair some say.

Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight

Was gaunting for his Rest,

For some were like to tyne their Sight,

Wi' Sleep and Drinking strest.

But itheres that were Stomach tight,

Cry'd out, It was nae best

To leave a Supper that was dight,

To Brownies, or a Ghaisf,

To eat or Day.

On whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,

On them stood mony a Goan,

Some fill'd wi' Brachan, some wi' Kail,

And Milk het frae the Loan.

Of Daintiths they had Routh and Wale,

Of which they were right fon;

But naithing wa'd gae down but Ale,

Wi' drunken Donald Don,

The Smith that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
 And twa good Junts of Beef,
 Wi hind and fore Spaul of a Sheep,
 Drew Whistles frae ilk Sheath :
 Wi Gravie a their Beards did dreep,
 They kempit with their Teeth,
 A Kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep
 Its lane pat on the Sheaf,

In Stows that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
 Her left Leg Ho was flung ;
 And *Geordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
 Because it hit *Jean Gun*.
 She was his Jo, and aft had said,
 Fy, *Geordie*, had your Tongue,
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
 But chang'd her Mind when bung,

That very Day.

Tehee ! quoth *Touzie*, when she saw
 The Cathel coming ben,
 It pypin hett gae'd round them a,
 The Bride she made a fen,
 To sit in Wyliecoat sae braw,
 Upon her nether En,
 Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,
 That meets a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they,

The

The *Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,*
Lawrie and Hutchon bauld,
Carles that kept nae very ftrift
Be Hours, tho they were auld ;
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,
But whare good Ale was fald,
*They drank a Night, e'en tho *auld Nick**
Shou'd tempt their Wives to scald

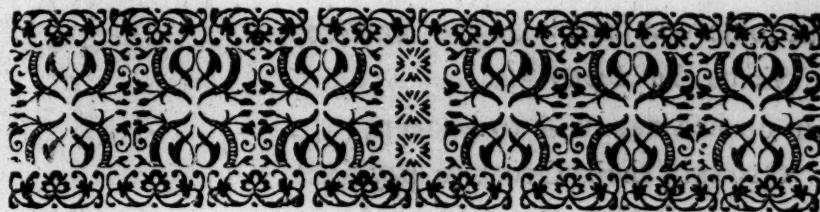
Them for't neift Day.

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen
Sic Banqueting and Drinkin,
Sic Revelling, and Battles keen,
Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin,
And unkō Wark that fell at E'en,]
Whan Lasses were haff winkin,
They lost their Feet and baith their Een,
And Maidenheads gae'd linkin

Aff o that Day.

The End of the second CANTO.





CHRIST's-KIRK
ON THE
GREEN.

CANTO III.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

NOW frae East Nook o' *Fife* the Dawn
Speel'd Westlines up the List,
Carles wha heard the Cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax and rift.
And greedy Wives wi girning thrawn,
Cryd, Lasses up to Thrift ;
Dogs barked, and the Lads frae Hand,
Bang'd to their Breeks like Drift,

Be Break of Day.

But

But some wha had been fow Yestreen,
 Sic as the *Letter-gae*,
 Air up had nae will to be seen,
 Grudgin their Groat to pay.
 But what aft fristed's no forgeen,
 When Fouk has nougnt to say ;
 Yet sweer were they to rake their Een,
 Sic dizzy Heads had they,

And bes that Day.

Be that Time it was fair foor Days,
 As sou's the House cou'd pang,
 To see the young Fouk or they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang,
 And wi' a Soss aboon the Claiths,
 Ilk ane their Gifts doun flang.
 Twall Toop Horn Spoons down *Maggy* lays,
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,

For Kale or Whey.

Her Aunt a Pair of Tangs fush in,
 Right bauld she spake and spruce,
 Gin your Goodman shall make a Din,
 And gable like a Goose,
 Shorin whan sou to skelp ye're Skin,
 Thir Tangs may be of Use ;
 Lay them enlang his Pow or Shin,
 Wha wins syn may make Roose,

Between you twa.

Auld *Bessie* in her red Coat braw,
 Came wi' her ain Oe *Nanny*,
 An odd like Wife, they said that saw,
 A moupin runckled *Granny*,
 She fley'd the Kimmers ane and a,
 Word gae'd she was na kanny ;
 Nor wad they let *Lucky* awa,
 Till she was brunt wi *Branny*,
 Like mony mae.

Steen fresh and fastin 'mang the rest
 Came in to get his Morning,
 Speer'd gin the Bride had tane the *Teß*,
 And how she loo'd her Corning ?
 She leugh as she had fund a Nest,
 Said, Let a be ye'r Scorning.
 Quoth *Roger*, Fegs I've done my best,
 To ge'er a Charge of Horning,
 As well's I may.

Kind *Cirſh* was there, a kanty Lass,
 Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny ;
 Right well red up and jimp she was,
 And Wooers had fow mony :
 I wat na how it came to pass,
 She cutled in wi' *Fionnie*,
 And tumbling wi' him on the Grass,
 Dung a her Cocketronny
 A fee that Day.

But *Mause* begrutten was and bleer'd,

Look'd thowless, dowl and sleepy;

Auld *Maggie* kend the Wyt, and sneer'd,

Caw'd her a poor daft Heeby;

It's a wise Wife that kens her Wierd,

What tho ye mount the Creepy;

There a good Lesson may belear'd,

And what the war will ye be,

To stand a Day.

Or Bairns can read, they first maun spell,

I learn'd this frae my Mammy,

And cooft a Legen-Girth me sell,

Lang or I married *Tammie*:

Ife warrand ye have a heard tell,

Of bonny *Andrew Lammy*,

Stifly in Loove wi' me he fell,

As soon as e'er he saw me:

That was a Day.

Hait Drink, frush butter'd Cakes and Cheese,

That held their Hearts aboon,

Wi' Clashes mingled aft wi' Lies,

Drave aff the hale Forenoon:

But after Dinner ann ye please,

To weary not o're soon,

We down to E'ning Edge wi' Ease

Shall loup, and see what's done,

It be Donep o'the Day.

Now

Now what the Friends wad fain been at,
 They that were right true blue ;
 Was e'en to get their Wysons wat,
 And fill young Roger fou :
 But the bauld Billy took his Maut,
 And was right stiff to bou ;
 He fairly gae them Tit for Tat,
 And scour'd aff Healths anew,
 Clean out that Day.

A Creel bout fow of muckle Stains
 They clinked on his Back,
 To try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins,
 They gart him cadge this Pack.
 Now as a Sign he had tane Pains,
 His young Wife was na slack,
 To rin and ease his Shoulder Bains,
 And sneg'd the Raips fow snack,
 Wi'er Knife that Day.

Syne the blyth Carles Tooth and Nail,
 Fell keenly to the Wark ;
 To ease the Gantrees of the Ale,
 And try wha was maist stark ;
 'Till Boord and Floor, and a did fail,
 Wi spilt Ale i'the Dark ;
 Gart Jock's Fit slide, and like a Fail,
 Play'd dad, and dang the Bark,
 Aff's Skin's that Day.

The

The Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,
Et cer'ra, closs sat cockin,
Till wafted was baith Cash and Tick,
Sae ill were they to sloken ;
Gane out to pish in Gutters thick,
Some fell, and some gae'd rockin,
Sawny hang sneering on his Stick,
To see bauld Hutchon bockin

Rainbows that Day.

The Smith's Wife her black Deary sought,
And fand him Skin and Birn ;
Quoth she, This Day's Wark's be dear bought,
He ban'd, and gae a Girn,
Ca'd her a Jade, and said she mucht
Gae hame and scum her Kirn,
Whisht Ladren, for gin ye fay ought
Mair, I'se wind ye a Pirn

To reel some Day.

Ye'll wind a Pirn ! Ye silly Snool,
Wae-worth ye'r drunken Saul !
Quoth she, and lap out o'er a Stool,
And claught him be the Spaul ;
He shook her, and sware muckle Dool
Ye's thole for this ye Scaul ;
I'se rive frae aff ye'r Hips the Hool,
And learn ye to be baul

On sic a Day.

Your Tippanizing, feant o' Grace;
 Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;
 Our Nibour *Pate* sin break o' Day's
 Been thumpin at his Studdy,
 Ann it be true that some Fowk says,
 Ye'll gирн yet in a Woody;
 Syne wi' her Nails she rave his Face,
 Made a' his black Baird bloody,

Wi' Scarts that Day.

A Gilpy that had seen the Faught,
 I wat he was nae lang,
 Till he had gather'd seven or aught
 Wild Hempies stout and strang;
 They frae a Barn a Kaber raught,
 Ann mounted wi' a Bang,
 Betwicht twa's Shouders, and sat straught
 Upon't, and rade the Stang

On ber that Day.

The Wives and Gytlings a spang'd out
 O'er Middings, and o'er Dykes,
 Wi' mony ane unco Skirl and Shout,
 Like Bumbees frae their Bykes;
 Thro thick and thin they scour'd about,
 Plashin thro Dubs and Sykes,
 And sic a Rierd rang thro the Rout,
 Gart a' the hale Town Tykes

Tampb loud that Day.

But

But d'ye see sou better bred
 Was mens-fou *Maggy Murdy*,
 She her Man like a Lamy led
 Hame, wi' a well wail'd Wordy,
 Faft frae the Company he fled,
 As he had tane the Sturdy ;
 She fletch'd him fairly to his Bed,
 Wi ca'ing him her Burdy,

Kindly that Day.

But *Lawrie* he took out his Nap,
 Upon a Mow of Pease,
 And *Robin* spew'd in's ain Wife's Lap,
 He said it ga'e him Ease.
Hutchon wi' a three lugged Cap,
 His Head bizzin wi' Bees,
 Hit *Geordy* a mislunhis Rap,
 And brake the Brig o's Neese

Right fair that Day.

Syne ilka Thing gae'd Arse o'er Head,
 Chanlers, Boord, Stools and Stoups,
 Flew thro the House wi' muckle Speed,
 And there was little Hopes,
 But there had been some ill done Deed,
 They gat sic thrawart Cowps ;
 But a' the Skaith that chanc'd indeed,
 Was only on their Dowps,

Wi' Fa's that Day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
 Till a' their Sense was smor'd ;
 And in their Maws there was nae Mank,
 Upon the Furms some snor'd :
 Ithers frae aff the Bunkers fank,
 Wi' Een like Collops scor'd :
 Some ram'd their Nodles wi' a Clank,
 E'en like a thick scul'd Lord,

On Posts that Day.

The young Good-man to Bed did clim,
 His Dear the Door did lock in ;
 Crap down beyont him, and the Rim
 O' er Wame he clap'd his Dock on :
 She fand her Lad was not in Trim ;
 And be this same good Token,
 That ilka Member, Lith and Limb,
 Was souple like a Doken,

'Bout him that Day.

The End of the third CANTO.





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